

MARCH

Now I know that Spring will come again ,
Perhaps tomorrow : however late I've patience
After this night following on such a day .

While still my temples ached from the cold burning
Of hail and wind , and still the primroses
Torn by the hail were covered up in it ,
The sun filled earth and heaven with a great light
And a tenderness , almost warmth , where the hail dripped ,
As if the mighty sun wept tears of joy .

But 'twas too late for warmth . The sunset piled
Mountains on mountains of snow and ice in the west :
Somewhere among their folds the wind was lost ,
And yet 'twas cold , and though I knew that Spring
Would come again , I knew it had not come ,
That it was lost too in those mountains chill .

What did the thrushes know ? Rain , snow , sleet , hail ,
Had kept them quiet as the primroses .
They had but an hour to sing . On boughs they sang ,
On gates , on ground ; they sang while they changed perches
And while they fought , if they remembered to fight :
So earnest were they to pack into that hour
Their unwilling hoard of song before the moon

Grew brighter than the clouds m . Then 'twas noxtime
For singing merely . So they could keep off silence
And night , they cared not what they sang or screamed ;
Whether x 'twas hoarse or sweet or fierce or soft ;
And to me all was sweet : they could do no wrong .
Something they knew - I also , while they sang
And after . Not till night had half its stars
And never a cloud , was I aware of silence
Stained with all that hour's songs , a silence
Saying that Spring returns , perhaps tpmorrow .